

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the landing in 1619 in Virginia of a cargo of twenty negroes to be sold as slaves. About a year later the Pilgrims landed in New England, and the two opposing elements were planted in America, destined to be in constant conflict until the slavery question was settled.

THE PLOTTERS

After a Happy Day, Anne Gives Jim a Letter From the War Department and Receives a Shock.

By Ann Lisle.

CHAPTER XII.

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AS Jim and I left the tea room of the Walgrave, we walked side by side—yet miles apart. A quarrel could not have estranged us more completely than my silent rejection of Betty Bryce's offer, and Jim's equally silent championship of my friend. I had refused her apartment—and Jim had the keys in his pocket. Suddenly a voice called out: "Jim Harrison! Hello, old chap!" There was warmth and real affection in the tone. The speaker was a tall Englishman of about thirty. I liked his voice—I liked his looks—I liked everything about him! Jim stopped with an air of joyous greeting, which indicated a certain relief in getting away from the exclusive society of Mrs. Harrison. "Winston! Terry, old chap. This is great!" A minute later the two men were shaking hands with honest devotion. "My wife—Captain Winston," said Jim, introducing us. "Terry Winston was my bunkie in the royal flying corps—the very best friend I ever had."

I could read in his voice a pleading eagerness that I be nice to Captain Winston. And some flicker of humor made me realize that I must have been pretty beastly to most of my friends to make Jim worry about my attitude toward this handsome blond giant. "Mrs. Jimmie! Well, if this isn't a bit of all right! To come over here and to find my pal with a little wife. I didn't think Jimmie was a lady's man—but that's the kind that always has the real luck in the end."

At once at ease. His words, his strong hand-clasp, his steady blue eyes, put me at ease. I knew that in Capt. Terry Winston I had found a friend. Presently it was arranged that Jim should run over to the Army and Navy Club with him to say hello to a few of "the boys," and that at seven my husband and I were to be Captain Winston's guests at the Carlton Roof.

I hurried upstairs to make myself fine. Under our door there was a long official looking white envelope. I picked it up curiously. It was addressed to—Lieut. J. H. Harrison.

A wife must not open her husband's letters—but she may study their postmarks. In the left hand corner of the envelope there was printed:

"War Department—Office of the Adjutant General."

What could it mean? Why should the adjutant general be writing to my boy?

Suddenly conviction swept over me. Jim was no longer fit for duty. He could never fly again. This was his dismissal from the army! I tried to picture my boy in civilian's clothes—"Fearless Jim" without his uniform. It seemed unthinkable! The white envelope I held in my hand meant the end of the world to Jim!

I came to a fixed determination. Nothing must mar the dinner with

Captain Winston. I would hide the letter, and give it to Jim when we came home that night. Later I applauded my own decision. For when Captain Winston talked about going "back to the front" after three months' recruiting work over here and fairly included Jim in his plans, I could see how joyously, how hopefully my husband responded. Only one incident marred the delightful dinner. Captain Winston asked about "Mrs. —" or Bryce—"and then looked at me in evident embarrassment. But I managed to seem unconscious of that."

A Letter For Jim. Home at eleven—happy, pleased with each other and the world. The incident of the keys forgotten. For a while I had been forgetting the letter and the pain it must cause Jim. But now the time had come when I must give that letter to him. I tried to find words to help him. "Jimmie! I've a letter for you—from the War Department. Whatever it says, dear, remember that I love you. I'm going to stand by you, and be a real wife—the kind of a wife a soldier needs."

Jim took the envelope with fingers that trembled. He tore open the envelope, brought out a single typed sheet and ran his eyes over it. Then he looked up, a triumphant flash lighting his face. "It's from the adjutant general's office. I'm ordered to Washington. They've convened a board to examine me."

"To examine you?" I cried. "Yes; to pass on my fitness for active service." Jim's voice was quiet—resigned I thought.

"That would mean you must go across again. It wouldn't be fair. I'm sure they'll see that. You've

Anecdotes of the Famous

The name of General Sukhomlinoff is familiar in Britain. Before the overthrow of Czarism he was Russia's war minister. The Bolsheviks have confiscated all his estate, and now, after earning a precarious living as a cab driver in Petrograd, the former general and diplomat is employed as a hall porter.

John Craig, once an office boy, now chairman and managing director of the great English Daisell Street Works, can tell a good yarn, for instance:

"The four-year-old daughter of a clergyman was sitting one night and was put to bed early. As her mother was about to leave her she called her back. "Mamma, she said, 'I want to see papa.' " "No, dear," her mother replied. "Papa is busy and must not be disturbed."

"But, mamma, the little girl declared solemnly. 'I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister.'"

Few men in or out of Parliament have had such a checkered career as Arthur Lynch, M. P., who has lately been granted a commission as colonel.

This is not the first time he has

done your bit. They haven't any right to take you again!" The words rasped their way past my dry lips.

"I'm not sure that they'll take me. I think I'm fit," began Jim. I interrupted—I wanted to scream wild protests—but Jim looked so calm and steady that I felt I must at least pretend to be.

"Why, they won't take you, dear; they couldn't! Any one can see that you aren't fit to serve. My Jimmie has done enough."

I meant to comfort him. Then Jim came a step nearer. There were red stains high on his cheekbones. His eyes flashed—but I was so caught in the turmoil of my own pain that I didn't understand.

"You think I'm a cripple, Anne? Suppose I am—even men on crutches have served at their country's need!"

Even then I couldn't believe what I heard. I flung my arms around Jim as if I could hold him against the world. I hadn't realized that I couldn't hold him—against his own desire.

"They can't take you—it would be too cruel! You'll be able to get out of it—won't you?"

"Anne!" he cried; and again, "Anne! You said you would help me like a soldier's wife."

Then I understood. My arms fell helplessly at my side. They were powerless to hold Jim—but they must be strong enough to support me, as I swayed back against the bureau and felt a sharp corner pressing against me.

I cried aloud in frightened protest.

"Then you want to go? You want to leave me? Perhaps—perhaps they aren't forcing you at all! Perhaps you asked them to take you!"

To Be Continued.

Are You Following "When a Girl Marries" on This Page

Magazine Page

Here's Bernhardt's Granddaughter

Lysiane Bernhardt Is Here Taking the Part of a Wounded Soldier in the Company of the Great Tragedienne



Lysiane Bernhardt to whom Sarah Bernhardt is devoted, and in whom she is renewing her youth, promises to develop into a fine actress under the able tutelage of her famous grandmother.

This clever young girl has a constant inspiration in the career of Mme. Bernhardt, who, at 73, is still the greatest actress in the world.

Photo by International.

Guest Room Comforts.

YOU can always see to it that the bedside table in your guest room holds three articles which will prove their worth: a small flashlight to be used in place of the traditional match and candle; a covered tin box containing a few fresh crackers for a sleepless guest, and one of the small-sized carafes with drinking glass cover.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY
Guy Becomes Excited When Lilian Tells Him of Perils Threatening His Cousin Esther.

He laughed his ghastly, hollow laugh. "You cannot destroy it," he said. "Have I not shown myself incompetent to do so? Yet I had almost at one time to free the Borradales of its stigma."

"But if you would take us into your confidence, perhaps we might succeed where you failed. If you would but speak—"

"It will be my dead tongue that speaks," he replied. He waved his arms before him as if in a vain attempt to show emotion. "Accursed be all those who bear the name Borradale! I would add my own curse to the heavy one they have to bear. Don't stand there gazing at me like that, woman; you madden me! I'm weary to death and I want relief—oblivion. Go—go!"

Lilian crept from the room. At the door she turned and looked at Harold for the last time. She took away an impression of a face that haunted her for the rest of her life.

She drove straight back to her own house. She had intended to go elsewhere, but she felt sickened and overcome by the sickening and incidentally she herself—were both in such danger from an unseen source? Was it possible to place any reliance upon the word of a man like Harold? Was he not wholly irresponsible, a poor creature who controlled his ideas of the world with those of the false one he had created for himself? Would it be wiser, now that Esther was indeed in her charge, to wait on the defensive, prepared to adopt the offensive if there seemed to be need of it?

On reaching her home Lilian found that Guy had arrived. She told him the story of her boulder, and quickly explained all that had happened. He was much concerned to learn of Esther's illness, and would listen to no more of the story till Clementine had been summoned to give a report of the patient's progress.

"I think she is better now," was Clementine's verdict. "She slept for a few minutes. But she was very restless, she threw up her hands and cried 'Harold—Harold!' I understand not all she says, but I ask for something—again, and again she ask for something. The

gypsy!" Lilian looked disturbed. "Like a gypsy?" she asked. "Tell me about him, Guy."

"He looked at me rather curiously when I went in, with a kind of spiteful leer. Then he moved on. It's rather dark out, and I soon lost sight of him."

"I don't like it," Lilian's face was grave. "Of course, it may have been nothing. We get lots of beggars here, but—"

At this moment there came an interruption. The door was thrown open without warning, and Clementine ran in.

"Oh, madame, oh, madame!" she cried, breathlessly. "What is the matter?"

"The children," gasped the woman. "Yes—yes—what about them?"

"They have run away—or they have been stolen—I know not which!"

CXXVI—AN OLD LOVE REVIVED. It was a little while before a connected story could be gathered from the excited woman. And even when she was rather calmer it transpired that she herself knew very little, so it was necessary to send for the weeping nursemaid who had been in charge of the children. From her, though not without difficulty, the facts were elicited.

She had gone, according to her instructions, into the park. But, instead of keeping to the paths, as she had been particularly advised to do, she made for the open space by the War Monument, where street orators are wont to congregate. While listening with wrapt attention to a brilliant outburst of rhetoric, she had been so absorbed that she allowed her eyes to wander from her charges, in spite of their rather independent spirit, of which she was fully conscious.

Suddenly becoming aware of the fact that they were not by her side, she looked round anxiously and saw them standing by the curb, talking to the occupants of a closed carriage.

—at least, she thought that they were doing so—and being new to the place, and knowing nothing of the history of her charges, it did not strike her as at all curious that they should be doing this. What more natural that some acquaintance, passing in a carriage, should have seen the children, and stopped to talk with them? For all the nursemaid knew it might have been Mrs. Willoughby herself. Reassured, she turned her attention once more to her charges.

To Be Continued Tomorrow
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doctor—he came with the nurse, and he listened to her account of his head. He gave her soothing medicine, so now she sleeps."

"Oh, the doctor has been—"

"Yes, madame, but he came again tonight. He beg me to say that she do well."

"Thank God!" cried Guy. After Clementine had departed, Lilian continued her story. Guy became very excited as he learned of the dangers to which Esther had been subjected and of the druging. Like Lilian, he cried, "The man is mad; he ought not to be at liberty."

"I expect Dr. Brooke will say the same thing when he comes tonight," said Lilian. "I never saw a man so very excited as he was when I met him outside Harold's house. He was inclined to be doubtful about me, but he has quite altered his tone now. He may be very useful one day."

"So you propose to take active steps to fight these enemies of Esther's—ghosts, bogies, or whatever they are?" said Guy. "Well, Lilian, I'm with you heart and soul in the job."

"That was my idea. I thought we'd take Edgar Swan into our confidence."

"He's a smart man, and I've a notion he knows more than he will admit. I can bring him here tomorrow."

"But after what I have told you of my interview with Harold today, do you think we would be doing wisely to interfere?"

"I would have said out of it for Harold," cried Guy, who was always welcoming a new idea with enthusiasm. "I don't think the fellow knows what he says. Anyhow, let's consult Swan."

So it was arranged that Guy should bring the detective to join in a consultation the next day.

"We'll get the bottom of it," cried Guy with energy. "I'll take my oath upon it!"

After a few moments, and as if struck by a sudden idea, "By the way," he said, "there was an ugly-looking fellow standing by the door when I came in."

"Your talking about the gypsies at Harold's reminded me of it. I felt inclined to ask him what the devil he wanted. He looked like a gypsy."

Lilian looked disturbed. "Like a gypsy?" she asked. "Tell me about him, Guy."

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Tomboy Taylor's Mother Has Sworn That Never Again Will She Speak to Miss Finch Who Chaperoned the Children's Hayride.

By FONTAINE FOX.



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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

He Is Not Free.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Four years ago, while on my vacation, I met a young man whom I loved dearly. Later he proposed, but I rejected him, and I was the sole support of my mother and a little brother. He married soon after, and now has two children. His marriage has proved a disappointment as he is separated from his wife. Recently I met him and learned through a friend, his circumstances. He appears deeply depressed. I would love dearly to spend my leisure moments in this man's company, but he tells me, although nothing would please him more, he cannot tolerate this as it might cause gossip and injure the reputation of both of us. Do you think the attitude taken by him is correct?

Strictly speaking, I dare say, your friend is correct, and a man separated from his wife—but not divorced—could not pay any attention to a former fiancée without creating comment. Such things are hard to bear, and yet it is never wise for a girl to flout the conventions that have been designed primarily for her protection.

He Knew Why.

At a school in the country the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be paraded. The last word was disposed of by one noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary. "Stands for Mary?" said the pedagogue. "How do you make that out?" "Because," answered the pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

Smart Bathing Wraps

TAKE ONE WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE severe simplicity of the bath-towel wearing of a bathing suit this season necessitates a wrap. Although a girl may emerge sadly bedraggled, yet how comfortable he is able to slip into a long soft wrap, that protects the body from being chilled by "ill winds," or guards it from the fierce rays of the summer sun.

So simple are these wraps, however, that women who are saving all they possibly can toward purchasing a new Liberty Bond are copying the length and reinforced so that they will not tear from pressure.

Instead of pockets in the cape, there is a fascinating little rubberized bag, carried on the arm, to hold accessories. Fashioned in the shape of a basket (similar to the new knitting bags), the bathing bag may be brightened by a bit of embroidery or perhaps an initial.

If you would look your prettiest on the beach and also protect your skin from burning, make one of the new bathing wraps before you go on your vacation.

Biff!

Sir Snobkins Snubley, who has made his money since the war, called at a certain business office, "I want to see the manager," he announced to the dainty, but businesslike, young girl at the typewriter.

"What is your business?" she asked politely. "None of yours!" he snapped. "I got a proposition to lay before this firm, and I want to talk to somebody about it."

"And you would rather talk to a gentleman?" "Yes," answered the lady, smiling sweetly. "So would I. But it seems that it's impossible for either of us to have our wish, so we'll have to make the best of it. State your business, please!"

charming when worn with attractive cape. Very often these capes are reversible and made of rubberized silk. Cut circular, these pretty garments fall in soft folds to the ankles. They are tied together at the neck with ribbon bows with long flowing ends. A Quaker collar is a neat finish for the neck, but charming and quaint are the "Red Riding Hoods," borrowed from fairy-tale days.

To make the hood, cut a large circle of material and run a casing for elastic about an inch from the edge making a pretty rill to frame the face. When not in use the hood may hang loosely at the back. Arm-slits should be cut at a convenient length and reinforced so that they will not tear from pressure.

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